

The Infinite in the Finite

asms which give life its colour and movement. There the tides of life rise and fall as they flow from and return to the sea of being upon which all things float in sublime stability; for every life, as Emerson believed, is an inlet into the universal life; and while each man keeps his soul in eternal integrity, he is for ever part of a spiritual unity which is the divine nature of things.

In quiet hours, when what is called inspiration breathes on a human spirit, and that spirit vibrates into a music unheard before, the finite and the infinite blend for a moment, and a fresh wave of life flows into the sphere of mortal striving and seeking. A poet whose genius was of the blithest and wittiest, but who knew, as all poets must, the touch of the mystery and pathos of living,